

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost"

Vol. VIII. St. Joseph's College, March 15, 1916. No. 12

Retrospective.

The basket ball season draws to a close. For three months the varsity has been meeting teams from Indiana and Illinois and if they did not defeat them all they at least gave their opponents a game worth remembering. Teams have been encountered this year that did not contend with St. Joe before.

Lause as captain did very creditable work. Fettig who piloted the squad as well as all other basket ball activities of the college deserves much praise for his management.

St. Joe vs Lafayette Y. M. P. C.

St. Joe lost the final game this season to the Lafayette team. The game was featured by the fast and clean playing of both teams. The Varsity was ahead until just before the whistle blew, when Lafayette managed to drop in a couple of long ones, thus winning the game. Ricks, a former St. Joe Varsity man, starred for the Y. M. P. C. Deery played an excellent game for St. Joe. Final count was 22-17.

Columbia has always been represented as a woman. Perhaps that is why she has been so long in "getting ready."
—Ex.

Precognitions

The coming of warm weather without fail inoculates all young Americans with the baseball fever germ. This is especially true of the students of St. Joe. The snow is hardly melted off the campus before the boys are out with the ball and glove. This enthusiasm is very encouraging. That is probably the reason that St. Joe is always so well represented on the diamond. From all indications this year will prove no exception to the rule. There is only one thing that might delay the choosing of the Varsity members. That is bashfulness. If all the good baseball material gets over this unbecoming modesty and comes forth for the tryouts, there is no doubt that St. Joe will have a winning team.

A Spiritual Bouquet

Our long siege of scarlet fever is nearly over. Most of those who were afflicted are attending classes again, and the rest will be out soon. The Sisters left yesterday, and, although we are glad the epidemic is about over, we are sorry to see them go. These good Sisters have been untiring in their work; they have generously and patiently cared for our many sick ones. To them many a student owes his regained health and perhaps even his life. All of us—and especially those who were interned in the infirmary—ought to feel deeply grateful to the Sisters. We can not give a better proof of our gratitude than by presenting them with a spiritual bouquet, and certainly nothing would please them more. A committee, composed of Theo. Fettig, Wm. Ehrman and Leo Beck, has been selected to take care of this matter. The students will not be visited personally, but every one who appreciates what the Sisters have done is asked to write on a piece of paper the prayers which he promises to say for them and to hand the paper to any member of the Committee as soon as possible. This spiritual bouquet will be sent to the Sisters together with an appropriate letter. Let every one help to make it a big bouquet.

The members of the C. L. S. attended the entertainment given by the pupils of St. Augustine's Sunday evening, March 5. It was really a treat for us, and we enjoyed it thoroughly. The Cheer wishes to express, in the name of those who attended, an appreciation of the excellent work accomplished by the Sisters and children.

The Smoking Club held a meeting March 3 to elect officers for the remainder of the school year. The following members were chosen: Pres., Tony Tompkins; Vice Pres., Leriger; Sec., Overton; Marshall, Manley. Bruin, Loughrey, Bushman, Scanlon and Tremel were selected as guards.

Buy your green ribbon for St. Patrick's Day at the Candy Store. Adv.

The Pool Shark

Greasy thought he would try Monty in a game for five dollars. He won the first two games and then Monty proposed playing for twenty dollars a game. Of course Greasy knew his plane, but, apparently taken in, he agreed. When Monty registered the nine ball and Greasy didn't say anything, he pulled out the nine pill. Now Greasy also had his private set of pills, and when Monty came for the money he secretly showed him his nine pill. Monty saw he was caught. Greasy, however, closed one eye and motioned towards the bar. In order to procure Greasy's silence and his own safety, Monty had to agree to give him one-half of his profits. Things would have gone on this way for a long time if these two bad men had stuck to their own game. But one night the pool business being slack they decided to sit in a game of poker. Now, if there was any game Red Eye Dick could play, it was poker. Things went on smoothly for a time, then Dick noticed some irregularities.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Question Box

LEO BECK, Editor Pro Tem.

Dear Editor: Why did the management cut down on the allowance of onions?

"Tookey."

Ans. They probably had learned that Loughrey intended to give a vocal solo in Alumni Hall.

Dear Editor: What is an echo?

"Manly."

Ans. It is the only thing that can rob Wigmore of the last word.

Dear Editor: Who was Joan of Arc?

Ans. Probably the wife of Noah who built it.

Washington's Birthday was appropriately celebrated by the C. L. S., which held a public program in the College Auditorium.

In our last issue the name of Robt Loughrey was mentioned by mistake as a consultant of the H. N. S., instead of William Wigmore.

"My Town"

You may talk about your big city, with its skyscrapers and parks and amusements, but for me there never could be any place like Jod's Corner, in southern Ohio. This place has the honor of being my birthplace. It is in the mining district and has railroad connections with a very large city nearby. The loads of coal we send to the world are, as a friend who viewed them from a side track on his way to visit me expressed it, simply "incalculable." The passenger train runs to and fro every two weeks. We have discarded the custom of timing our train by the hour and have adopted the calendar method.

The census of our city has never been taken. I have often tried it on my way to work in the morning, but the populace would not remain quiet long enough for me to begin. However I am sure of one fact, and that is that the population was formerly much larger than it is at present. There were at one time as many black men as white in our village. On one St. Patrick's night, however, the Irish element (which completed the population) rose up in arms and drove every dusky out of our confines. Since then they are allowed to enter the town only by way of exception and are never allowed to remain over night. If any one doubts the above episode let him come around next summer, and I will take him up to the mayor's office, where all historical facts are kept on a scrap tablet.

Some years ago the mayor, who is also town marshal, fire chief, general store keeper, and school teacher, proposed that we build cement walks. The populace objected to this measure on the ground that we would be considered "stuck up" by the neighboring villages if we adopted any more improvements, for we already had the town bell, the public pump, and the brand new chimney on the schoolhouse. So the motion failed.

Perhaps by this time you have discovered the secret of my great success in my studies. Each summer I return to this haven of the learned and from Hiram Andolittle, Pushem Fastdown and others take a summer course, in all my branches. I am thus enabled to outstrip all my classmates in the fall.

The A. A. met at 12:30 p. m. Sunday March 12 in the Alumni Hall to elect a general manager. Keller carried the day with a unanimous vote.

The Bulletin Board.

O thou dost enlighten us,
About the news to date
And now and then doth frighten us
And tell us our sad fate.
The way in which we'll spend the day,
A privilege or a rule,
A punishment or games to play,
Or swimming, if not cool.
Thy face all smeared with chalky dust,
Is beautiful no less
Though clothes be dirty, never must
We character suppress.
True sometimes things do not so trend
To us as we are wont.
But 'tis the role of every friend
To now and then say "Don't."
The post which thou art wont to keep
We flock to, one and all:
And thy message we always seek
As we pass down the hall.
Forever may thou keep thy place,
Thy glory and thy crown,
And smiling through a century's space
The students' uproar drown.

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Editorials

THE sage old citizens of Collegeville visited Rensselaer Tuesday, March 7, to cast their vote at the primary election. As they passed slowly and majestically along the College avenue, they were the object of much consideration. People stepped respectfully aside to let them pass, and gazed admiringly after them. Children drew closer to their parents, and in hushed voices asked who these grave old men might be. Having, after much deliberation, filled out their respective ballots, they spent much time in discussing the probable results of the election. Each had a different view of the matter, and yet one would feel like a sinner had he for a moment doubted any of them. For they voiced their opinions in such a studied and earnest manner as to compel credence. They next entered Fate's College Inn and treated themselves to a lollipop. Then feeling confident that they had fulfilled their duties as American voters and had greatly enhanced the chances of the candidates for nomination, they pompously set out on their return to Collegeville. Beck led the procession, followed respectively by Fettig, Wonderly, Barrett, Ehrman, Hermiller, De Jaco, Deutsch, Montague, Vonderhagen, Mc Cormick, Matthews and Faurote. Willie Wigmore brought up the rear.

"WE Knock to Boost" has been the Cheer's motto ever since it began to exist. Every one of us has certain oddities or peculiarities which it behooves him to be rid of before he goes out into the world. One of the advantages of college life is that it knocks off the corners, or weak spots of a man's character, and sends him forth a well moulded unit. "Kidding," "Getting His Goat," or even measures somewhat stronger have a deeper significance than is usually conceded to them.

"We Knock to Boost," and do it gratis. If you think your personality needs a little boosting come around and tell the editor, who will willingly help you. Often he has a fine stock of jokes but no names onto which to hitch them. You will save him much perplexity if you tell him your needs.

The Seniors want it understood that the west end of the lower study-hall is reserved for them from 7:00—7:10 P.M.

Funereal Remarks

Election Clerk: "What kind of ballot do you want?"

Faurote: "What kind have you, mister?"

Bruin: "Say, boy, Horace simply sets my brain on fire."

Barrett: "I thought I smelt burning wood."

Tremel: "Here, Miehl, have an apple. Are you hungry?"

Loughrey: "Hungry! Foolish question No. 48."

Latin Prof.: "It is perfectly alright to have a Horace (horse), but keep away from the ponies."

Cullen: "Gee, I need a hair cut badyl and haven't got a quarter!"

Greg. Miller: "That's alright, just get the scarlet fever."

You can talk of great musicians,
Such as Jsay and Pethsniknow,
But the music that I love best
Comes from Willie Deutsch's bow.

'Twas one evening I remember,
In the grand Alumni Hall,
That he played such wondrous music,
That the stars did almost fall.

Strains of rare unearthly sweetness
From that violin did flow,
And the very airs of heaven
Greeted us down here below.

We could see the angel armies,
We could see the portals grand,
And the saints in adoration,
In that far off promised land.

Ever since this young musician,
Like a god, is hailed with cries;
And the fame of his great genius
Reacheth far beyond the skies.

NEEWAH '17

Davy Ryan says:
In looks I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far:
By my face, I don't mind it—
For I am behind it—
It's the people in front that I jar.

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